The Times-Dispatch

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1907.

Goodness doth not move by being, but by being apparent.—Richard Hooker.

THE FIGHT ON ANDERSON AGAIN.

The resolution adopted last night by the Central Trades and Labor Council, in which City Attorney Pollard was taken to task for appointing Colonel George Wayne Anderson as his assistant, will carry no weight with the citizens at large.

The old Fulton riots are recalled, and because Colonel Anderson, in discharge of his sworn duty, put down open lawlessness, he is characterized as an enemy of organized labor. It will be a sad day for labor, organized or unorganized, when patriotic discharge of dangerous missions means political suicide. In our government there are no classes. We are all members one of another, and lawlessness, whether the sporadic acts of individuals or the combined and applauded efforts of large bodies, is a wrong to the whole community.

CREDIT CURRENCY.

In a recent address advocating "credit currency," Congressman Fowler, of New Jersey, said:

"Germany has a credit currency which expands and contracts four times every year at the rate of $2.12 per capita, or $125,000,000. The same ratio would give us $180,000,000 of credit currency."

In reply the Springfield Republican says that Germany had the same credit currency system in 1900 as it has now; but it did not prevent the creation of strained conditions of credit which resulted in the smash of that year and the year following, when the Leipziger and other banks failed, runs upon other institutions ensued, stocks of great industrial concerns fell 50 and 60 per cent. in market valuation, and fifteen branches of industry in Berlin alone discharged 22,600 workmen out of a total of 83,300 for lack of business.

"What folly, then," adds our contemporary, "to talk of an elastic credit currency as the cure-all against those financial and speculative excesses which are at the bottom of all the crises known in this country or any other!"

None but a visionary would make such a contention. The more money the banks lend for speculative purposes, the greater will be "speculative excesses." But that is no argument against credit currency properly safeguarded. Such currency should be issued only in times of emergency, and should be so heavily taxed that it would return naturally to the bank for retirement as soon as the crisis was past. Curreny inflation is not to be thought of, but emergency currency is needed every year to move the crops and to meet other abnormal demands. With a sound banking system, conservatively managed, and an elastic currency system properly regulated by law, emergency issues would not encourage "speculative excesses," but would prevent periodic squeezes in the money market, which always embarrass trade, and sometimes threaten the country with a money panic.

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.

The work of the Police Benevolent Association is more than charitable. It is in the interest of an efficient police service. The city has no pension fund, and it would be inhuman for the Board of Police Commissioners to turn adrift a man who had made a faithful officer, after he had worn himself out in the service, if there were no provision for his maintenance. And yet it is clearly in the interest of efficiency that every such policeman should be retired and an active man put into his place. It is just here that the work of the Police Benevolent Association comes in. It has a fund of nearly $40,000, the income from which is used to maintain disabled policemen. This fund has been raised without a dollar of contribution from the municipality, and it is well invested and administered by President L. Z. Morris and his associates, who give their services without pay. Four retired policemen are now on the list of beneficiaries, and others will be added as occasion requires. A pension of $300 a year is now allowed to each beneficiary, and after January 1, 1908, it will be increased to $360.

The organization richly deserves the moral and material support of the community.

A NEED EMPHASIZED.

In reply to comments by The Times-Dispatch on the operation of Roanoke's almshouse farm the Times, of that city, says that it hopes to be able to make the gratifying announcement at an early date that the city of Roanoke, after fifteen or twenty years of honest endeavor, has reached the conclusion that the business of farming (for the city) is not a success, and that it has decided to give it up.

It adds that the farm has been conducted on the theory that anything is good enough for "poor white folks and niggers." That is a sentiment that is altogether too prevalent in Virginia. But in our view it is disgraceful. When State, city or county undertakes to maintain paupers at the public expense, it is morally bound to give them a decent support. To stint them, to deny them ordinary comforts, or to punish or humiliate them unnecessarily is a reproach to our government and degrading to the body politic. The same is true of any inhuman treatment of prisoners.

Virginia stands in sore need of a State board of charities, whose duty would be to make regular visits to the prisons, almshouses and public hospitals of the State, inspect them thoroughly, make suggestions as to needful improvements and report with recommendations to the general government, as often as necessary. We believe that such a board would find many abuses to be corrected and that its reports would result in the alleviation of much suffering among both prisoners and indigents.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH A PRECEPTOR, NOT A WOLF.

"To the Washington Post, Washington Herald, Richmond Times-Dispatch, Norfolk Landmark, Houston Post and other gray brothers of the Seeonee Wolf Pack: Will there be 'good hunting' in Colonel Graves after he goes to New York?"—Charleston News and Courier.

The News and Courier is hereby warned to be careful. Hasty tempers being unsafe for provoking, it is solemnly cautioned against carrying its pleasantries too far. The Times-Dispatch is no wolf. Never mind Mowgli and the euphemistic Jungle translations of Mr. Kipling. Wolf is an epithet of opprobrium, and deep down in its heart our Charleston contemporary knows it. A wolf is "a person noted for ravenousness, cruelty, cunning, or the like." The dictionary says so. The Times-Dispatch looked it up to make sure.

Now, this paper is not ravenous, it is not cruel, it is not cunning, nor yet again is it the like. Now and again, it is true, it has been obliged to point out, with judicial, unerring finger, the errors and foibles of its time. Through its more outspoken paragraphic department it has, from time to time, rebuked the garrulous local pride of well-meaning but ill-informed contemporaries. It has caught hold of errant public men and yanked them, firmly but kindly, back into line. It has at all times admonished the world, whether the question was of constitutions or cocktails, of pies or panics, and steered it straight for the light. But in performing these various services for an ofttimes thankless universe, it has evinced no shadow of that vindictive and slinking ferocity which was ever the characteristic of the lean gray pack.

As for hunting Colonel Graves, the very suggestion is odious to us. Today happens to be the precise date set apart for the final divorce between the Colonel and the State he did so much to prohibition-wave. The Colonel, having grimly nailed his State to virtue, embarks to-day on a new venture in a town that is, and is likely to continue, gloriously wet. Georgia, divorced and dry, remains behind, resolutely holding the bag. One consolation alone is left her. The Colonel has solemnly promised her alimony in the shape of frequent articles from his own pen. Otherwise the world down there is a swirling black void. Does the whole human race contain one member so lost to all those finer sensibilities which distinguish man from the brutes that he would break in upon those heartrending farewells with the mean yaps of a wolf?

The News and Courier is warned to have a care.

THE "PEACE" CONFERENCE.

General Horace Porter, one of the American ambassadors to the recent peace conference at The Hague, declares that if the conference had succeeded in adopting only one of the fourteen conventions finally agreed upon, it would have repaid the nations for bringing it about.

"War seems remote now," says he, "but we have done much to ameliorate the horrors of it if it should occur. We have provided for the better protection of prisoners and wounded, and for a fuller recognition of the Red Cross and other societies in the interests of humanity."

Would General Porter have us to understand that this "convention" is in the interest of peace? To the contrary, a measure which "ameliorates the horrors of war" to that extent increases the possibility of it.

The story which The Times-Dispatch published yesterday from the Associated Charities concerning a reclaimed beggar shows that that institution is doing the noblest sort of charity work. Almsgiving is often more harmful than helpful. Begging is necessarily degrading, and true charity aims always to lift up and not to debase. Wherever possible, it lifts the beggar out of his beggary and gives him self-reliance and self-respect. All charitable enterprises should take their cue and their inspiration from the story of St. Peter and the lame beggar at the temple, as related in the third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

After asserting, with every earmark of innocent pride, that "there are thousands of bushels of sweet potatoes in Texas weighing twenty pounds each," the Houston Post now explains that it did not mean that each bushel weighs twenty pounds. Of course, this is very disappointing. We knew that Texas sweet potatoes were somewhat smaller than the blackheart cherries of Old Virginia, but we had not dreamed that it took three or four bushels of them to weigh twenty pounds.

Many of our contemporaries have published announcements that "the prettiest girl in the world has just been married." We hereby request them not to do so any more, as the Richmond girl to whom this refers has been greatly annoyed by the well-meant but unwelcome publicity they have given her.

A sexagenarian named Weston is walking from a point near Boston to Chicago. Every one will sympathize with the old gentleman's desire to get away from Boston, to say nothing of his further desire not to get to Chicago any sooner than is absolutely necessary.

The Boston Globe calls attention to the fact that Delaware negroes were asking $15 each for their votes just before election day. This is the highest quotation on any necessity of living we have yet seen.

"Smiling 'Round the World, by Marshall P. Wilder," is a headline in the Pittsburg Dispatch. If Mr. Wilder can really do that, the cats of Cheshire might as well go off somewhere and hang their heads in shame a few times.

An Alabama scientist says that he has discovered four new stars. If they are pretty, shapely and reasonably vocal, he might drop a picture-postcard to Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger.

We don't know how exactly, but we can't help feeling that if it hadn't been for Loeb, somehow, Mr. Roosevelt's candidate might have gotten elected Mayor of Cleveland.

As we understand it, the administration is perfectly willing to give Cincinnati to the Washington heirs, provided they will agree to take it off somewhere and keep it.

The death-rate in Chicago is said to be the lowest in America. Only persons of very hardy constitutions ever select Chicago as a birthplace.

Colonel Graves is scheduled to leave Atlanta to-day. Prohibition in Georgia does not begin till January 1st, but it is no use to take chances.

It does look as though every time the President made another speech the Keep-Your-Eye-on-Hughes Club got a few more members.

The Lusitania misses a whole lot of fun in having her sporting possibilities confined to smashing herself in the record.

In polish, gentleness and retiring modesty of nature, the very bill-collectors of Royal Richmond surpass the 400 of Hooting Houston.

An elephant, according to a floating item, can carry three tons on his back. It isn't obesity that is the trouble Mr. Taft.

The progress of the deer season in Maine is robbing the chauffeurs of much legitimate prey.

With money tight and the prune crop a bumper, it looks like a pretty hard winter for the average man.

However, it is doubtful if Col. Graves can show the Hearst readers any new kinks in the way of fancy language.

The triumph of Republicanism in Kentucky should furnish some trifling food for thought in Lincoln, Neb.

Who made Cortelyou's hair stand on end, Mr. Morgan?

Plunkville Politics.

"We've named Sim Piffle fer poormaster, an' Absalom Boggs fer hog reeve."

"Good ticket. Best the town ever had."

"Yes; an' one perfectly satisfactory tew the President, as we hev been given tew understand."—Puck.

Rhymes for To-Day.

IT'S COMING.

I MUST take me a clothes-chesty levy,
I must run o'er my wardrobe, tonight,
I must find all my duds that are heavy,
I must doff all my raiment that's light.

I must dress me in skins thick as Hagar's
Odd son wore behind his lone rock,
I must find me my 13-ply jaegers,
I must pluck me my greatcoat from hock.

I must buy me some mufflers and tippets,
I must purchase ear-tabs and fur-caps,
For the air's grown to have such a nip it's
Not pleasant for summer-clad chaps.

I must buy me oil-stoves—for you know, sirs,
Quotations on coal are most high:
I must get me some oil at the grocer's,
And harg the expenses, say I.

I must dress me warm ready to huddle
And sing o'er the stove—'tis my biz!
For when winter comes, what a muddle
To find one's write-fingers all friz!

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Not Up to Expectations.

A little girl of four or five was quietly playing on the porch one afternoon, while her father and one of his friends were enjoying a smoke and a chat on political matters. They paid no attention to the little girl, who in turn seemed entirely absorbed in her dolls and her Teddy bear. When the guest had gone, and bedtime came, the child's mother noticed that she was unusually silent and thoughtful. And when she knelt to say her prayers there came a pause after the usual petitions, and then she remued very earnestly: "And now, God, please take care of yourself, for if anything should happen to You, we should only have Mr. Roosevelt—and he hasn't come up to papa's expectations."—The Argonaut.

In Society.

The negro barber on a limited train running from an Eastern city to Chicago was once shaving a man whom he recognized as a well-known merchant of Albany. The barber worked with especial skill and was rewarded with a substantial fee.

When the barber was telling the other employes on the train of his good luck, he announced pompously:

"He's shore a mighty fine genulman, dat Mr. Smith; jes' as nice a man as you'd wanter meet. I's often been in his sto' in Albany, but dis is de fust time I's ever met him socially."—November Lippincott's.

Texts From Brother Dickey.

De reason some folks gives so little ter de church is—dey don't want to dispute de word er free salvation.

Der's folks dat wouldn't go ter heaven in a fas'-flyin' ortermobile. Dey'd excuse deyse'f by sayin' dat dey 'frad dey'd run over de angels.

Some folks say de worl' roun'—some say flat, but ef it des do de squar' thing by me I'll be satisfied.

Han's roun' wid Happiness; but often, when we hear her knockin' at de do', we think it is de bailiff an' climb up de chimbly.

Strange dat folks what wuz bo'n fer trouble can't hear joy singing hallelula on the highway.—Atlanta Constitution.

No Reflection.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—It was int'mated to me by a friend of the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch that my article of the 4th instant in your paper might be construed as a reflection on the Norfolk paper as an advertising medium. I certainly did not intend any injustice by saying "that I did not believe ten people in the ward knew anything about the meeting." The ad. appeared in the Ledger-Dispatch of October 25th, calling attention to a meeting at which I was to speak on political topics October 29th. I requested in person that the morning dailies follow the ad. up, on the 26th and 29th, respectively, but on account of a misunderstanding the ad. never appeared at all.

From the indifference of the people as regards the election in Norfolk last Tuesday, if they had read the ad. in the Ledger-Dispatch on the 25th they would have forgotten all about it on the 29th, and that is what I meant.

Very truly,
W. H. GUNN.
Norfolk, Va., November 8th.

Famous Words of Famous Men.

"Oh That This Was for Fatherland."
PATRICK SARSFIELD, July 19, 1693.

While the life of Patrick Sarsfield, the Earl of Lucan, has never been written, the memory of this noted Irish soldier and patriot is embalmed in many of the songs of his native land.

In Robert Dwyer Joyce's "Blacksmith of Limerick" there is the following verse:

Now Swarthy and Moran make up that iron wall,
'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoe, so heed not shot nor shell.
"Ah, sure!" cried both, "the horse can wait, for Sarsfield's on the wall.
"And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or fall."

When Charles II. of England, who was "such an unconscionably long time a-dying," finally passed away in 1685, James, the Duke of York became King James II. Sarsfield, at this time, was a colonel in the English army.

His first service under King James was at Sedgemoor, May 5, 1685, where he valiantly contended against the Duke of Monmouth, a claimant to the throne. King James was compelled to abdicate on February 12, 1688. In May the exiled monarch was in Dublin and issuing writs for the assembling of an Irish Parliament.

Sarsfield followed the fortunes of James and fought the battles of his King, on his native soil of Ireland, with all the ardor of a man who was inspired with the justice of his cause.

At Connaught, in 1689, at the battle of the Boyne in 1690, and at the siege of Limerick in 1691, though forced to act under the authority of others, Sarsfield was the strong right arm of the forces of the king. After the treaty of Limerick, in 1691, Sarsfield took with him to France a force of at least 10,000 men. These men were ill-clad and poorly fed, and they presented a sorry looking sight for an Irish contingent in the magnificent army of King Louis.

"All the succeeding winter," says the historian, "both the drill sergeant and the tailor were busily employed." The result was a complete transformation, and Sarsfield's Irish brigade, when equipped for an invasion of England in 1692, was a well-disciplined and a splendidly uniformed force of effective soldiers.

Admiral Rooke's English fleet, however, in the battle of May 19, 1692, completely destroyed the efficiency of the French ships, and the English invasion was abadoned.

It was at this time that Sarsfield, with many of his men, joined the French army in Flanders. On July 29, 1693, the forces of the French luke measured swords with the English and Dutch allies in the field of Landen and near the French camp at Namour. The allies were under the command of King William of England, formerly the Prince of Orange, and the fighting was of the desperate and bloody nature which characterized the battles of that era. King William's army was intrenched along the banks of the river Neete.

Three times the French charged the English earthworks. At the third time the allies were obliged to vacate their position and flee for safety. It was a complete defeat for King William. His army, but for the slowness of the French in following an advantage, would have been destroyed.

Sarsfield and the Irish brigade were in the thickest of the fight and the patriot received a mortal wound while impetuously leading his men against the foe.

As Sarsfield placed his hand beneath his corselet to locate his wound, the blood gushed forth in torrents. It was at this moment that tradition says he uttered the words quoted in the headline. The Irish poet, Thomas Davis, in his "The Death of Sarsfield," thus refers to the patriot's last act:

Sarsfield is dying on London's plain!
His corselet had met the ball in vain.
As his life blood gushes into his hand
He cries,

Oh that this was for Fatherland!"

A YEAR HENCE: WHO'LL WE BE YELLING ABOUT

—Chicago Tribune.

HILLRISE

By W. B. MAXWELL,

Author of "The Ragged Messenger," "The Guarded Flame," Etc.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Visitors, tumbled from the sky apparently, thought all these lounging young men were the idle, noisy sons or nephews of mine host. They thought, too, that Mr. Drake must be both a very kind and a very foolish man to encourage so much idleness. But did it matter what they thought—infernal outsiders?

Staying visitors were few—'bagmen' chiefly, with aimless wanderers who did not know what they had come for, and Americans carrying guide-books, piously determined to see every town in England before they went home again. There was no thriving business here, and yet the White Hart seemed to be a paying concern. Anyhow, it had been going for two hundred years: it could hardly stop going now. Profit, perhaps, came from the incredible number of whiskeys and sodas absorbed by its regular patrons; from auctions which were often held on the premises, as well as political meetings and dinners; and from the large room upstairs which was used always by the Medford Ancient Lodge of Freemasons, No. 3215.

Behind the house there was a garden with well-filled herbaceous borders, a basin for water lilies and goldfish, a sun-dial, bowling green—and the river, with a rotten old landing stage, a crazy skiff, and a leaking punt; in which, if you were mad, you might adventure upon the muddy, sluggish stream. It was said that the Misses Drake did so adventure, by moonlight, with banjo and escort.

The Hill Rise young men, supported by Mr. Vincent, of Hill House, on summer afternoons would condescend to drink whiskey and soda in the garden with representatives of the town, and sometimes with them play a game of bowls. Mr. Crunden, the retired builder, bowled above the average. Mr. Dowling, the architect, was a flashy but inaccurate player. Alderman Hopkins was passionately fond of this sedate sport, and might be relied on to deliver a useful if not brilliant bowl. Charles, the headwaiter, bringing out the drinks, now and then was called on to make up the party, while the billiard-marker, playing some young ass in a stuffy billiard room, would peer out of the window and envy the bowlers.

Charles looked all right in the dark coffee-room, but most lamentable in the sunlight on the lawn. His white shirt was frayed and soup-stained; his black trousers were patched and threadbare; his black coat was shiny and greasy from long wear. When chaffed about his clothes, Charles ever had a ready, good-humored retort.

"Disgrace, are they?" said Charles to Mr. Tommy Page. "Well, that's a disgrace you young gentlemen might rectify. I'm not too proud to accept of an old dress-suit from any of you—or I'll buy one from you. I'll give you a better price than old Gregory—down Water Lane. Verb sap. I ain't joking," said Charles, good-humoredly.

After this friendly manner, Mr. Jack Vincent one drowsy summer afternoon played bowls with two townsmen. Mr. Jack was, as it were, the prince and chieftain of all the loafers, and yet was not truly of their organized band. When he appeared, all tacitly admitted his overlordship. He was above them really, not of them. Hill Rise could not claim him, and Medford could not always retain him. He had been much away—amateur soldering, sojourn in London, Continental travel even—but now it seemed that he was home for good, settling down, putting on flesh, growing more and more languid. He took no exercise beyond riding his horses—or, Sir John's horses—and all female Medford peeped forth and admired him as he rode by. He was greatly admired by the ladies.

He was as fine, a big, indolent young man as you could wish to see. Dark and sleek of hair, with small moustache and lazily kind blue eyes, he had a pleasant, easy manner with all the world. In this respect he was markedly different from his companions; they could condescend and be pleasant enough when it suited their convenience, but he constantly gave one the idea that Hill and Town were all the same to him, that social distinctions were rubbish, that one man was as good as another until he proved worse—and so on. That was the impression of his secret thought that he often conveyed by his affability.

With his straw hat tilted over his nose, hands in the pockets of his blue flannel jacket, strolled by the hotel sun-dial, while the bees drowsily buzzed among the flowers, and the occasional pop of a cork, or the click of billiard balls, or the rattle of wheels on the river bridge, were the only harsh sounds to disturb the lazy peace of the White Hart garden.

Presently Mr. Dowling, the architect and surveyor, came down the path and made bold to challenge him.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Vincent. Will you give me a game at the bowls?"

"Have a drink," said Mr. Vincent; "that's less trouble."

"Well, I don't as a rule drink between meals, but I will join you. It is uncommonly warm to-day. I'll go and fetch Charles."

"Oh, don't do that," said Mr. Vincent, as though unwilling to see any one exert himself needlessly. "Give a shout for him. D'you mind? . . . Just shout again. . . . Well done. He'll hear that."

And Charles came out, received the order, and soon returned with his little tray and glasses.

"I wouldn't mind playing a four," said Mr. Vincent. "Do you mind playing, Charles? . . . That's a sportsman, Charles—as you always are. . . . But who'll make us up? No, we shan't be able to play, because we haven't got a fourth."

"Don't say that, sir," said Charles. "I see Mr. Crunden on the stairs just now, carrying up some of the Masonic furniture to the lodge-room—it's lodge night. I believe Mr. Crunsden would play, sir."

"Then go and ask him."

"I don't scarcely like to," said Charles. "He might think it a liberty, coming from me—and he takes one up so short, Mr. Crunsden does."

"Then, would you mind?" said Mr. Jack, languidly, appealing to Mr. Dowling. "You ask him."

"You ask him," said Mr. Dowling. "He'll be pleased with the compliment of you asking him, and he'll come. If I ask him, he'll very likely say no."

Thus urged into action, Mr. Jack languidly strolled back to the house, and, standing on the gravel terrace outside the coffe-room, shouted upwards to one of the big windows on the first floor.

"Brother Crunden! You up there! Brother Crun—den!"

"Well, what is it?" and Hedgehog Crunden showed his gray head beneath the raised sash.

"D'you mind coming down and making us up? Want to play a foursome—at bowls."

Mr. Crunden gave a grunt, scratched his short, gray beard, and hesitated.

"You and I against Charles and Brother Dowling. That ought to be a pretty good match."

"Well," and Mr. Crunden grunted again, "I'm agreeable."

There was nothing very agreeable in his tone or aspect; he merely meant, of course, that he would comply with the request for his company.

The sides were constituted as Mr. Jack Vincent had suggested, and a coin was at once spun into the air.

"'Arf a moment," said Charles. "Before we begin—a bob a corner, I suppose."

"I do not care to bet," said old Crunden, sternly.

"All right," said Jack Vincent; "I'll carry you."

"I prefer not to bet, either," said Mr. Dowling.

"Very good," said Charles; "I'll carry you." And he turned to Jack: "That's half a dollar for you or me now hanging on this contest."

Then the little friendly game began. When the past time of bowls was exhausted, Mr. Vincent, summoning all his energy, prepared to go slowly homeward. But ere he shook himself free from the White Hart he looked in at the modern saloon bar.

This was a lavishly decorated and upholstered appartment, upon which 'mine host'—as the local newspaper never failed to call Mr. Drake—had spared no cost. He had made up his mind to do it in tip-top style and obtain something up to date, Al London standard. It almost dazzled one by its flash and glitter—absolutely no stint in carved mahogany, marble slabs, bevelled looking-glass, nickle fittings, tessellated pavement, mosaic wall-panels, frescoed ceiling, red leather divan, etc.

"I say to you, Mr. Drake," declared Alderman Hopkins on an informal visit of inspection, "you have given us something that is a credit to you and a credit to the town."

The only person who perhaps did not entirely approve was Mr. Dowling, the architect. His professional advice had not been asked, and at first he looked on these metropolitan splendours with a prejudiced eye. However, Mr. Drake—mine tactful host—took an early opportunity of putting himself straight with Mr. Dowling.

"I haven't come worrying you over this," said Bob Drake, "because it isn't, strictly speaking, an architect's job. Beneath you—no real art in it. Just a catch-penny trick-out that these London firms supply by the dozen. But I hope I need not say no slight intended to be passed on a brother mason and townsman. No, sir; if I ever rebuilt the hotel, there is only one man in England I shall go to for the design—and that is Mr. Dowling."

"Say no more, Mr. Drake. I own I was just a wee bit hurt by being left out in the cold. But what you have just said removes any little soreness—and is a very handsome compliment."

"Your due, Mr. Dowling."

Mr. Drake, it may be added, did not intend, and never had intended, to rebuild the White Heart.

(To be Continued Monday.)